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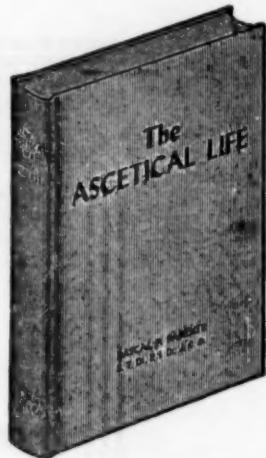
A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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*A Guide for the Teacher and Student
A Vade Mecum for the Clergy, Religious and Laity*



THE ASCETICAL LIFE

By

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Catholic University of America

\$2.50

Pious literature abounds: the Bible and biblical commentaries, the lives of the saints and their ascetical writings, the spiritual works of theologians, and a mass of less eminent productions. Yet we have hardly anything that will serve as a textbook in ascetical theology. What does exist is likely to have some of the following defects: verbosity, absence of doctrinal basis, long excursions into the realms of dogmatic and moral theology, superfluous repetition, excessive exhortations to piety, a homiletic style, a total ignoring of modern controversial questions.

Dr. Parente's THE ASCETICAL LIFE has none of these defects. It is scientific, theological, objective; comprehensive, but not prolix; amply provided with references to Scripture and other authorities, but not in the style of a scrapbook of quotations.

This scholarly work consists of three parts. The first part treats of the general means of perfection. The second part develops the three ways of perfection and the special means proper to each way. The third part contains an amplification of certain important questions, constituting a spiritual book in itself.

Teachers and students alike will be gratified with this new textbook of theology. The author, Dr. Pascal P. Parente, is Associate Professor of Ascetical and Mystical Theology at the Catholic University of America.

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Inter-American Peace Plan. The third conference of the Inter-American Bar Association ended August 8 in a stormy debate over a resolution that appeared to attack the United States on the question of the Mexican border. But the proposal was shelved. Resolutions approved by the conference condemned racial discrimination; created a committee to protect authors' rights; advocated continuing the Permanent Court of International Justice and the founding of a general international organization for the maintenance of peace with all countries represented in its assembly. The plan for the international organization was offered by James W. Ryan, chairman of the Committee on International Law of the New York County Lawyers Association, and an official delegate of that Association and of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. It was based on the Bar Association's committee report. An "interlude from violence," said the Resolution, "can only temporarily be precariously accomplished by lodging a clear preponderance of power with a few nations, even though they are wise, firm, benevolent and united in their purposes." Such an interlude "must not be confused with permanent peace or world order, but rather looked upon as opportunity to develop a more adequate organization and rules of law for minimizing conflicts of desire between nations." And such law, added the resolution, must be based upon moral and spiritual principles, such as are taught "by all the great religions."

What Mexican Peons Want. On a recent visit to Mexico, along with Bishop Schlarman of Peoria, the Right Rev. Msgr. L. G. Ligutti, executive secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, talked to a group of Mexican peasants, *campesinos*, all good Catholics, according to their pastor. They lived in the neighborhood of the very fine agricultural school conducted by the American Benedictine Fathers at Zamorra. A good many people have spread the idea that all these peons want is "irresponsible wage-earning proletarianism." Monsignor Ligutti found this to be far from the case. Their desires were plain, specific and common-sense. They wanted more knowledge of how to increase production. They needed better credit facilities, the kind advocated by *Acción Nacional* and by the Sinarchists. They did not want to go back to the old patriarchal *bacientes* system, even if it were charitably and justly administered. The present system, the *ejida* semi-communal system, "as it works now is wretched." But "the unanimous answer was to continue the present system with modifications." Says Monsignor Ligutti (*Land and Home* for June): "The fundamental idea is sound—socially, economically and religiously. The land belongs to the people. It must be used as a means of personal and family development for the people." Catholic social doctrine, not reaction or proletarian-creating Communism, is the key to the Mexican land problem.

Philadelphia Questions. The transit strike in Philadelphia, wrote Chairman W. H. Davis of the War Labor Board, was "instigated by a group of misguided individuals." Misguided they certainly were who could so run counter to the doctrines of the Faith that so many of them profess and the American democracy under which they live in a world half enslaved. The two leaders, McMenamin and Carney, if they were misguided, have been grievously punished for it. A

thoughtful man might well wonder—without trying to palliate their offense—whether their punishment has been too severe; for they are outlawed from work for the duration of the war. (How they and their families will live seems to be nobody's business.) And the thoughtful man will find another question thrusting itself upon his mind. Misguided, indeed, they were; but by whom? By men high in the States and the nation who exhaust every legal device to deprive the Negro of his vote? By men high in the armed forces who approve discrimination and segregation? By Congressmen bitterly opposing the FEPC? By union leaders who thrust Negroes into "second-class unions"? By vast numbers of Americans who either approve or supinely accept the idea that Negro and white cannot work together and that the menial jobs are the black man's proper sphere? And finally: if the misguided are to be punished so severely, what should be the punishment of those who were responsible for the ill guidance?

Corporate Profits. As corporations report on their earnings for the first six months of 1944, it becomes increasingly clear that industry has succeeded in overcoming adverse factors represented by cut-backs and mounting costs and seems destined to surpass the record-breaking profit levels of 1943. According to figures published by the New York Stock Exchange, first-half dividends on all listed common stocks were 7.7 per cent ahead of 1943 levels. The only pebble in the corporate shoe is the possibility of a sudden German collapse. Should this come within the next few weeks, drastic cutbacks would sharply reduce production

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and profits for the second half of the year. Undoubtedly, this is one of the reasons why business leadership, spearheaded by the steel industry, has taken an adamant stand against any relaxation of wage ceilings. Corporation executives argue that unit profit margins are now so small that they will vanish with reduced production. During the past week, the National Association of Manufacturers released a study which stressed the claim that the wartime earnings of American industry reflect the tremendous scope of production, not profit rates, which "have fallen steadily since 1941 and are now about what they were in 1935." This may be true, but labor economists remain skeptical. They think that the accounting practices of corporations disguise their real earnings. And they do not like the implication that, once the Government withdraws from the market, production must necessarily fall to relatively low levels.

Synthetic Rubber Tomorrow. At the end of this month, Bradley Dewey, director of the War Production Board's rubber division, will close his office and return to private life. The reason for this move is not some new disagreement in Washington, but the simple and astonishing fact that the wartime synthetic rubber program has been successfully completed. While a manpower squeeze is currently causing a grave shortage in the heavy-tire program, Mr. Dewey probably feels that this bottleneck is somebody else's business. The synthetic rubber is there in abundance. Among the production miracles of the war, this one ranks in the first class. When Japanese conquests in the Southwest Pacific cut off the chief sources of our natural rubber supply, a synthetic rubber industry had to be constructed at once and from scratch. The penalty for failure might have been military disaster. After some initial fumbling, Mr. Baruch made a report and Mr. Jeffers, President of the Union Pacific, came to Washington. The result, less than three years after Pearl Harbor, is an entirely new industry capable of turning out 836,000 long tons of rubber a year, more than twenty per cent above our annual imports during a peace-time year. On leaving office, Mr. Dewey left unsolved, however, the plaguy question of what to do with this almost wholly Government-owned industry after the war. Should it compete with natural rubber from the Orient, thereby upsetting the economy of that part of the world, or should it be dismantled or kept in a stand-by capacity? Should the Government retain ownership or sell the new plants to private industry? If so, to which industry, oil or chemical? Until these questions are answered, the last line on synthetic rubber has still to be written.

Workers Go to School. Indicative of the postwar thinking in some of the more progressive labor unions is the back-to-school movement sponsored by the International Electrical Workers and Operators Union (AFL) in co-operation with the College of Engineering of Marquette University. On November 1, eighty-five journeymen electricians, selected by their local unions, will convene in Milwaukee to begin a concentrated six-weeks' course in electronics under the direction of the University Faculty. "We believe," said International President Edward J. Brown, "that there will be so many changes in the handling of electricity after the war through electronics that our members must be given an opportunity to learn as much as they can in a short time, if they and the union are to give their best service to employers." When the first eighty-five rank-and-filers have completed the course, they will return to their local unions and serve as instructors. Their places at the University will be taken by another group of eighty-

five, and so on until 500 have passed through the course. Although this educational venture is expected to cost the union about \$30,000, exclusive of the living expenses of the students, it is money well invested. This is the sort of service which every good union owes to its dues-paying members. We congratulate the Union and the University on their foresight and social vision and wish their cooperative venture every success.

The Natives of Guam. To a man, American soldiers and correspondents seem to have been deeply impressed by the splendid loyalty of the native people of Guam. Little children displayed American flags made by their mothers out of pieces of old dresses. A few Stars and a few Stripes were missing, but the sentiment was a hundred per cent. There was no let-down, no flinching in passionate loyalty among these people, who were not even United States citizens, but merely our "nationals." We do not wish to over-labor the point, but there is one aspect of this matter to be kept in mind. The Oriental people who showed this constant fidelity were akin to the Filipinos not only by race, but also by their Catholic religion. It was the Christian people of Guam who found their inner strength in their Faith in the hour of agony. It was that Faith which gave them the spiritual power to rise above their suffering. And it is that Faith which strengthened in them—as it does among the Filipinos—the sense of kinship with the Christian West. True religion and true patriotic loyalty are two things closely related.

Interviewing the Fighters. There may be good reasons why some of our high Government welfare experts should be sent over to interview the boys on the battlefield. The purpose is to discover what kind of jobs, what type of economic conditions, the soldiers will hope to find ready for them when they come back home after the war. Naturally we should like to know that, too, but we cannot help thinking that it is a bit premature to be making these inquiries while our men are still being slain and struggling with a foe as yet unconquered. Some of them may appreciate the inquiry and its benevolent purpose, but our own guess is that more of them will be definitely annoyed and irritated. The first thing now in their minds is whether they and their companions will live at all to get back home. The first thing now in their minds is the matter of winning the war. They may be talking plenty of their future, in the long hours when fighters must rest or wait or suffer. But for the time being it is their own business. Questionings on this, and a dozen other matters, can wait until the main job is done.

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THE NATION AT WAR

THE first week of August has seen a considerable change for the better in the situation in Normandy. The Allies now have three armies in the field—the Americans on the west end, the Canadians on the east, and the British in the center; all under General Montgomery of the British Army.

The American Army broke through the German line near Avranches at the base of the Cotentin, or Cherbourg, peninsula. Strong American Army forces went through the gap. Some went west into Brittany, others south towards the Loire River. The main force turned east and has been endeavoring to get around the German left flank.

Severe fighting resulted in the American line being advanced to Laval and Mayenne, where it faces east, instead of south, as heretofore. The maximum gain has been nearly forty-five miles, most of which was made before the Germans could organize their new line.

The British Army has pushed generally southeastwardly for gains up to seven miles. They have had strong opposition all the way. The Canadian advance was about five miles; against what was probably the stiffest resistance of any encountered.

While the main forces are thus engaged, a sizable American force is operating in Brittany. It would be advantageous to the Allied cause to secure Brest, which is an excellent harbor. A German garrison is holding it and a few other key points.

In Russia the German defense has noticeably stiffened. There has been extensive and savage fighting. The Russian gains have been largely limited to the extreme north and south ends. Compared with preceding weeks, the gains have been much less. German reports indicate that at some points the Russians have had reverses—not very important ones, but still reverses that break their record of uninterrupted victories.

This change seems to be due to the new German High Command, which came into office as the result of the attempt against Hitler's life on July 20. The new German Chief of Staff was certainly appointed on account of dissatisfaction with his predecessor's policy of always remaining on the defensive.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

OFFICIAL Washington's biggest home-front worry at mid-August centered on the problem of how to stop what the War Production Board is calling "cutback jitters"—the leaving of war jobs by workers who believe they can find greater security in types of jobs that will continue to exist in peacetime.

The pattern is something like this: A war worker reads the headlines that show spectacular Allied gains on the war fronts—and Churchill's statement that the war may be over "soon." Rumors get about a plant or a shipyard that contracts will run out in a month or two months or four months. A worker wonders whether it may not be smart to leave his war job and get back home to one that may not pay as well but probably will last longer. A few workers become panicky and leave, and then others, too, decide to do the same. And so it goes.

There is disagreement as to the extent to which this is happening; War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes, citing reports of thousands leaving West Coast war-industry centers, rates the problem serious. Some War Production Board people doubt that it is as calamitous as Mr. Byrnes and some Army heads believe.

Most people here say the impulse to get into a job offering security is natural enough, and WPB people argue that the way to stop it is to let war workers know that there is a policy to ensure speedy reconversion of war plants to peacetime production. If this assurance is given, the WPB people insist, quitting of jobs would be reduced and war production, obviously still of the greatest importance, would be aided. Mr. Byrnes has issued new orders tightening up labor controls and there was hope, but no overwhelming optimism, that the new measures would help.

In Congress, controversy centered around two reconversion bills, one by Senator George, the other by Senators Murray, Kilgore and Truman. Chief point at issue was whether to shift unemployment-compensation administration from States to the Federal Government. As this is written, the measure sponsored by Senator George seems to have a better chance than the more liberal Kilgore-Murray Bill.

CHARLES LUCEY

UNDERSCORINGS

EDITORIALIZING on Prof. Guido Gonella's *A World To Reconstruct*, a commentary on the Papal Peace Points, the secular daily, *Washington Post* concluded:

It is implicit that the Pope does not favor any plan of multilateral alliances among the more powerful victors for the armed enforcement of peace, or a regional division of police power among them, or the creation of a superstate with its own army and navy recruited by the constituent nations. This, however, does not mean that he is not in favor of world organization for peace. He seems to be looking toward some world confederacy based on international law, whose members would agree to limit their sovereignty without sacrificing it entirely.

► Five new Bishops have been named by the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church, *Religious News Service* reports.

► Non-Catholic residents of Antigonish have formed a committee to share in raising \$800,000 for Saint Francis Xavier University, whose adult-education program inspired and supports the Nova Scotia Cooperative movement.

► To mark the first centenary of the Apostleship of Prayer, reports NCWC News Service, the Holy Father wrote a letter, expressing his satisfaction with the results achieved and his wish for its increase. When people, divided by hatred, are fighting so fiercely among themselves, the Holy Father wrote, the Apostleship of Prayer has a particular opportunity and special efficacy in attaining and maintaining a union of souls born of love, by directing the prayers of its members to a common apostolic intention.

► At the international convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, asked: "How are we going to force the leaders of nations to be moral?" and gave the answer:

That will come about when public opinion makes the demand, when men of all ranks come to realize that you cannot live together in the family of nations except under the moral law.

► Father Philip B. Edelen, U. S. Army chaplain, of the Diocese of Raleigh, N. C., died of wounds received in action in Normandy.

SUMMER REVERIE OF THE DEAN

JOHN H. KELLY, S.J.

TIME was when a mild mental twinge tickled my orthodoxy whenever I met in Saint Mark the injunction: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." It was the "every creature" that did it, of course. Like many another, I was cured by Pope Saint Gregory. He wrestled with that one, and came up with something glorious. His homily on the Ascension Day Gospel not only removed once and for all the recurrent twinge, but left in its place something like a thrill of self-discovery, a thrill which will always return, I trust, with Mark 16, and particularly on those occasions when I plunge into the depths of Saint Ignatius' Foundation to learn again the humor and the magnificence of "what-am-I?"

No, Gregory assures us, preaching to the fishes is not enjoined on lesser Saints than Francis of Assisi, although I am sure Gregory would be pleased if more of us had the simple love of God's creatures that would like to share with the fishes the "good tidings" of God. Saint Gregory reminds us that it is really Man who is every creature, Man who has in him something of every creature: *being* with the mountains, *life* with the trees, *sensation* with the animals, *intelligence* with the angels.

I recall that Father Leonard Feeney, in a hitherto unrecorded moment of informal wonderment, once took it up from there, pointing out that while each of the non-human species outdoes us in its own field, we alone are the blend of all their glories; that a stone can make fools of us and crush us to a pulp, a field of grain as well as a giant redwood can dwarf us into insignificance, a bird can fly higher, a panther move swifter, and that an angel, naturally, is brighter. But God loved us very much, and made of us a marvelous blend of them all. So the human comedy is not altogether a comedy of nothingness, nor is the human tragedy altogether tragic.

DISCOVERING OMNICREATURE

In recent years, I have gradually come to discover for myself the "omnicreature" par excellence. He is the high-school adolescent, G.I. Joe's important kid brother. It may be that his feminine contemporary is just as much the Omnicreature. Of that I wouldn't know. I am only the Dean of Men, a title which differentiates me from the Dean of Studies, only faintly hides the truth that I am really the Dean of Discipline and marks me as the least of all authorities on the subject of young women. To me officially she is the Reason why my Omnicreature sometimes takes a sabbatical year from concentration on anything but her; she appears with him at the school dances, looks very sweet, behaves like a perfect little lady and, after the necessary evil of introduction to the Dean of Men, respectfully keeps her distance from this creature who has been privately described to her as Keeper of the Jug, the Ogre whose business it is to make girls' boy-friends unhappy.

In the quiet of the summer campus, when the whisperings of the trees and the determined mutterings of a bulldozer are enough to drown out the last faint echoes of Omnicreature's most recent shoutings, one hurries to evaluate Omnicreature, lest he return too soon. Johnnie in the concrete defies analysis. One can only see the woods when the trees are away on vacation.

Truly a most wonderful blend is Omnicreature. He is not at all sure himself just what he is. How could he be, when

he changes so much from week to week, from hour to hour? There is likely to be twice as much of him in June as there was in September. And even that does not seem to be particularly important to him, except insofar as it makes him a more likely candidate for next year's football team. Apart from that, he appears to take it for granted that he has grown. One might think that it was an old story to him.

NAMING HIS KIND

He himself implicitly pays tribute to his omniculturehood by the names he tags onto his fellows. There is the usual Spike, so called for reasons known only to Heaven and the labelers, the one certainty in the case being that Spike has neither the potentialities nor the inclination to keep railroad ties in place. The Rabbit wins his title for logical reasons, chiefly that of facial resemblance. Nor does it occur to The Rabbit to indulge in the luxury of resentment: he expects to be called The Rabbit, and there's the end of it. "Eighty-Eight Keys" was unfortunate enough to resemble a disreputable looking character in Dick Tracy but, when the original was disposed of, the name died out too, and now the former Eighty-Eight is simply The Mouse.

The Mouse brings up the lower branches in the Porphyrian Tree's brute subdivisions, and The Brain scales the heights of the same tree. In Omnicreature's attitude towards The Brain one fails to detect the adulation which objectively should be accorded to superior beings. Neither is there disdain, save when The Brain accidentally empties the class ink-bottle on the jacket of a neighbor less gifted. There Non-Brain finds complete, if somewhat tragic, confirmation of his policy of non-adulation of mere intellect. Feet of clay, if you will allow him to mix a metaphor. He, at least, is not surprised.

AS OTHERS SEE HIM

Grown-up neighbors from near and far also pay tribute to the omnicultureness of my Omnicreature. "Interesting" is perhaps too mild a word to indicate their estimate of him. They call us on the phone to discuss him at great length. And their composite picture of him looks something like this: He is a lovely boy, and isn't it wonderful that we have a Catholic school in the district. He is an unlovely boy because he is a rowdy on the bus. He does not give up his seat to ladies who have the temerity to board the school bus. He always gives up his seat to ladies on the bus. He looks very wholesome and neat, and isn't it nice to have that rule about wearing jackets and ties to school. He is a wild Indian who disturbs the peace of the neighborhood.

A time comes when you decide that one Omnicreature has successfully resisted all efforts to improve him. That is the day on which you will meet his parish priest by sheerest coincidence, and he will tell you that the whole parish is marveling at the transformation in the lad. It develops that the nightly street brawls of a year ago are no more, and that his greeting to the neighbors is that of a perfect gentleman. All this would be very confusing, but wait! We are speaking of my Omnicreature, and "don't be surprised" must be the watchword.

Please do not try to explain the mystery of Omnicreature by saying that some boys are good and some are bad. I don't believe it. Monsignor Flanagan is right. There's no such thing as a bad boy. NST-BB. One has to keep saying it over and over. I do not deny that on occasion I have been just as firmly convinced that there is no such thing as a good one. There was the time when I was ready to meet Monsignor Flanagan in public debate in Madison Square Garden, no holds barred. But the NST-GB days have been few.

They will return undoubtedly. One merely follows the admonition of Saint Ignatius: in time of consolation prepare for desolation. During these days one steels oneself for the day when all the available evidence must be passed over, and one must make an act of blind faith in NST-BB.

There was the May morning when I felt that it was about time for something to happen. The bus full of omnivores would roll in, and a bus driver full of complaints would roll out. Perhaps he would point at the spot where there used to be stuffing in the upholstery, or to the private attempts at air-conditioning where there had once been glass in the window. Prepared for the worst, I looked out. There was nobody in the bus! No, they hadn't been ejected down the road. That was another day. This morning they had insisted that the driver let them off just inside the gate. And now there they are beyond the Quadrangle and the copper beeches, gathered round the shrine of the Mother par excellence of my Omnicreature par excellence. Their prayers and their hymns mount on the cool morning air. This is not only Her month, it is also the first day of their special Novena to Her, and they want Her to do something for their schoolmate who lies in a hospital bed under sentence of death by a doctor's pronouncement. (And she got that sentence lifted, too, this Mother of all boys.)

I would not deny their occasional ventures into the lower reaches of spiritual being. Uncle Screwtape does slip inside their guard now and then. In fact, my Omnicreature will give the Father of Lies a run for his money when occasion warrants, although who will deny that a boy can be late for school for the most wondrous reasons? Bodies are pulled out of the river early in the morning. Not very often perhaps, but that is precisely why Omnicreature has to stay and watch it. And watch it he does, judging from the minute and gruesome details he insists on describing. Bus drivers can take the wrong road; new ones can, particularly when the "No Prompting" rule is so strictly enforced. Boys can be "kidnapped" by well-meaning hitch-hike benefactors who recall how they too would have enjoyed being whisked right by the school door in their omnicreature days.

Few things are sacred to my Omnicreature, particularly if they are removable or breakable. But even Hilaire Belloc, no mean Christian, confessed:

I'm sorry if the thing was rare—
I like the sound of breaking glass.

I am not excusing my Omnicreature. I am merely describing him.

HIS DESTINY

It is a great privilege to cooperate in the training of Omnicreature. His is no trivial destiny. The Omnicreator has chosen to make Divinity a part of Omnicreature's equipment, to give him a share in that, too. Else how could He call them truly His sons, and hold out to them the heritage of the children of God? One day He will show them how they can outdo the inferior orders; He will make them swifter than the panther; they will fly higher than the birds; He will give them back their bodies with powers that will make their Superman look like a bit of an upstart. He will give them voices that they can trust, that will not crack in a crisis. And He will give them the other things in proportion, such things as it has not entered the heart of man to conceive—no, not even the imaginative heart of Omnicreature.

It is tragic that educational fads keep coming and going, fads that do not take into consideration the omnivoreness of him. His nature cries out: "When you deal with me, remember what I am. Remember that I am not

only a citizen of America, but a prince in another kingdom. I am not all animal, nor am I all angel. And while this may strain your credulity, there is a part of me that will never wear out! Remember this when you educate me."

It is not easy to keep Omnicreature in a state of balance, to motivate him strongly so that he may keep in order all the conflicting brands of being that go to assemble him. It is not easy, but it is glorious to work at it, and to work according to the principle that all of Omnicreature's faculties are to be trained and developed: heart and mind, memory, imagination, will and body. Otherwise my Omnicreature might turn out to be too much machine, or too much animal, or even, shall I say, too much angel?

In these days the jump from big boy to man is quite as abrupt as that from little boy to big boy. For the big boys are being asked by their country to take their places in the ranks where their natures find play in many directions: they are being asked to fly, to plummet to earth like the rocks they resemble at times; they will be taught to look and act like a shrub to fool the enemy; they will be asked to fight with the heart of a lion, and to be as clever as the angels. They do not complain at the kind of world that older generations have prepared for them. They are quite willing to help straighten out the mess they never made.

Secretly, my Omnicreature, I salute you: imp, angel, perpetual-motion machine, plotter, noisemaker, rock, flower, wild beast, lamb, child of Adam, son of Mary, son of God! Come back to us in September if you can. (I never really meant it when I said that the school would never be right until we got rid of the student body.)

And you, Omnicreature of yesterday, soldier, sailor, flier, come back, too. We cannot be out there with you. Judging from your letters, you seem to understand that better than all the rest. And when you do drop in, we may be busy, busy with the next crop of Omnicreatures, but we shall never be too busy to shake your hand and agree with you that "the old school has changed in a lot of ways, and yet in other ways it is the same old school." That's the way you want it, and that's the way we want it and, please God, that's the way we shall keep it.

THE POLITICAL SCENE IN MEXICO: SINARCHISM

RICHARD PATTEE

(Continued from last week)

THE problem of Sinarchism is quite different. In this short review of the present Mexican political scene, the two events which loom the largest are the first, which has just been described—the state elections and the conflict with *Acción Nacional*—and the legal action taken against Sinarchism. The growth of the Sinarchist movement during the past few years has been one of the most startling revelations in Mexican life. There has probably never been in the history of the republic a more thoroughly popular movement; popular in the sense that without money, without organization, without experience and without pressure, thousands of peasants were brought together in a powerful and well defined movement.

The success attained during these years has been amply attested by the chagrin, concern and hostility of the official majority. Time and again the press is clogged with

denunciations of Sinarchism, first because it is a menace to Mexico as the quintessence of reaction and clericalism and, second, because it is impotent and unimportant and ought to be stamped out altogether to avoid placing temptation in the way of loyal and ardent revolutionaries among the peasants, who might be attracted by its doctrine. Obviously both contentions cannot be true. The fight against Sinarchism has been consistent and vigorous. The Mexican Senate created a Committee against Reaction. The PRM devoted no small part of its energies and monies to carrying on a relentless fight against the forces of darkness and obscurantism which threatened to hurl Mexico back into the period prior to the enlightenment. There is no doubt that the growing prestige of both *Acción Nacional* and Sinarchism has been the cause of profound disquietude on the part of the revolutionaries.

PRINCIPLES AND GROWTH

Sinarchism, as is well known, claimed to be no political party; to have no political aspirations; to seek no office and to urge no victory through elections. It claimed to be a social and spiritual movement, devoted to the improvement of the Mexican masses. It was shot through with mysticism, whether authentic or not, and, through the policy of non-violence, sought to create an atmosphere of fearlessness and unbending opposition to the usual tactics employed in political life.

The movement grew. It would be impossible to say how many members it secured. It aroused considerable enthusiasm abroad, especially in the United States, although in some circles it was looked on as the forerunner of a sort of Mexican Fascism. It is true that it does possess some of the outward forms of totalitarianism—the form of election of its leaders, the lack of responsibility of the leader to those under him; the songs, marches and the like. Its doctrines and aims certainly have nothing secret about them. Anyone can read them week after week in the pages of *El Sinarquista*. To allege that the organization was a sort of Catholic masonry about which one could get no details was patently absurd. In the public press, and in meetings all over the country, the Sinarchists have made no attempt to conceal their organization or the points of their program.

In spite of the repeated demands that both *Acción Nacional* and Sinarchism be suppressed as inimical to Mexico's interests in the war, President Avila Camacho has done neither. The personal conviction of the Chief Executive revealed itself admirably in his telegram, some weeks ago, to a group of revolutionaries in Torreón who had urged the President to suppress a congress of *Acción Nacional*. The Chief of State replied in serene and moderate terms, pointing out that this party had an absolute right to hold its meeting, discuss its program and carry out what in any democracy constituted the inalienable privilege of any group of citizens.

A FATAL BLUNDER

In the case of Sinarchism, the axe fell on June 22, 1944. On that date, *El Sinarquista* published two articles: *Esto no es gobierno* and *El sinarquismo hace un llamado al Ejército*. The thesis of the newspaper was that Communist forces were working, both directly and indirectly, in Mexico to provoke a state of public anarchy and that, on July 5, a plot existed to paralyze the nation through the suspension of a number of public services. Once this was accomplished, the situation would be ripe for a *coup d'état*. Once the general strike was proclaimed, the National Government of Mexico, said this article, would for all practical

effects be transferred to the Soviet Embassy. *El Sinarquista* claimed in the first article—in which it asserted that the Government of Mexico was no government at all—that President Avila Camacho had allowed himself to be surrounded by those intent on sovietizing the Republic. The conclusion was that the present Administration has only the appearance of a government. In the second article, a direct appeal was made to the army, as the defender of the liberties and guarantees of the Mexican people, to stand ready in the event of a Communist move. The Sinarchist sheet promised that each soldier would find a brother in the common cause among the Sinarchists.

The seriousness of the two articles in a country which is at war admits of no doubt. The inspiration of the articles in question was undoubtedly the appearance some time ago in *Excelsior*, Mexico City daily, and in *Mañana*, weekly review, of two sensational reports purporting to be stenographic versions of speeches delivered recently by prominent Communist leaders in which the technique and methods of Communist penetration both in Mexico and elsewhere in Latin America were discussed. The information revealed in these statements was startling enough. In the minds of many people the authenticity of the information was seriously questioned. Certainly it was not sufficient to warrant a broadside against the Government and especially against the person of the President.

For the first time the Sinarchists had gone too far. The thing for which their enemies had been waiting had happened. The articles were pounced on at once. They were denounced in the chambers, and the office of the Attorney General was asked to take the appropriate steps in line with the seditious utterances in the newspaper. In his public statements made in connection with the investigation, the responsible writer Juan Ignacio Padilla undertook to define Sinarchism. He spoke of it as inspired in the teachings of the New Testament and designed to bring about the establishment of a Christian social order in Mexico. In connection with the specific charges, he admitted that the articles had been "hasty and ill advised." When, a few days later, a clandestine issue of *El Sinarquista* appeared, the proprietors of all printing establishments were forbidden to print matter destined for the use of the National Sinarchist Union. On June 29, the movement was accused of fomenting a number of strikes in Querétaro, and one of the labor unions in that city, which had separated from the Confederation of Mexican Workers, was charged with Sinarchist leanings.

Out of the muddle of charges and counter-charges one thing is clear. The Sinarchist movement has struck a considerable snag. It may conceivably weather the storm and, though numerous restrictions have been placed on it, it has not been actually suppressed. This is the second crisis that the movement has undergone within a few weeks. The first occurred when Salvador Abascal, leader of the movement for years and founder of the colonizing project in Lower California, broke with Sinarchism and denounced it as a sham and a fraud. On top of that has come the legal conflict just described.

Sinarchism unquestionably has an enormous following among the masses. Its strength rests precisely among the great masses of the peasantry, who have been strongly influenced by its social teachings. It is probably, also, a reaction against the commonplaces and rhetoric of the Mexican Revolution. To predict its future would be hazardous. It may well come through this storm. It is in reality a test of the Sinarchist contention that the conscience of the Mexican people has been touched by their doctrines.

FULL EMPLOYMENT: THE POSTWAR SCENE

JOSEPH P. McMURRAY

(Concluding Article of a Series)

WE have seen that by harnessing the power of our growing labor force and utilizing the technical advances that are being made, we can easily produce a national income in 1950 of \$125 billion, measured in 1939 prices; or, if measured in 1943 prices, a national income surpassing the phenomenal production record of last year by approximately \$9 billion. This offers a basis for both optimism and pessimism. The optimists see in it an opportunity finally to achieve freedom from want without in any way interfering with, or diminishing, the income of the more prosperous sections of our population. The pessimists, realizing that much higher levels of production can be achieved after the war with the same number or fewer workers than before the war, fear lest the increased supply of workers will be added to those formerly unemployed, creating a volume of unemployment far beyond that we ever experienced.

Because our democratic society cannot survive another period of deep depression, and because high production and full employment offer opportunity for the fuller development of the human personality, we must not look backward longingly to what we believed were the golden days of the twenties, or with fear to the depression days of the thirties. Instead we *must look forward* with determination and become pioneers—this time to open the new economic frontier of full employment.

But a real national income of \$125 billion (in 1939 prices) must not be thought of as a ceiling to income, nor is 1950 presumed to be a peak year in our postwar economy. In a dynamic economy such as ours, national output must rise several billions each year to provide continued full employment.

ROLES OF GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

Full employment is not maintained except by constant vigilance on the part of government. Private enterprise, no matter how virile, cannot by itself maintain the rather sensitive balance between savings and investment by which full employment without speculative excess is maintained. For this is not a function of business. Business enterprise serves the high function of bringing the productive resources of the country into coordinated activity to meet demand for goods and services.

In the process, business firms expend their own and borrowed funds for new plant and equipment in ever-varying amounts. One new product or one new method may require a large volume of new construction; another may actually decrease the existing volume by replacing a unit which wears out—or becomes obsolete—with a more efficient but simpler one. The development of a network of railroads, or of a spiderweb of roads dotted with filling stations and tourist camps, may bring a swell of construction activity lasting for a decade or for a generation, but between such spurts there may be quiescent periods when technical progress goes steadily on without great increase in the volume of material equipment.

Private enterprise must construct new equipment when and as it is needed to improve the processes of production and to meet demand. If the businessman has organized production efficiently to meet demand as it faces him, and if he has refrained from monopolistic practices which would

give him an undue return for that production, he has done his part.

Certainly, if our enterprise system is to continue to exist, investment by private business must furnish, year by year, decade by decade, a large volume of expenditures, thereby putting savings to use and maintaining the level of employment. That this investment shall of itself be just large enough at all times but never too large to maintain full employment is too much to hope for or to demand. In any given year, or even throughout any given decade, the flow of private investment may be too large or too small in relation to savings. To maintain full employment, public policy must act as a *compensating factor*.

In the past, governments have neglected this function. In the same year that every farmer was building a new barn, when private residential and commercial construction was straining our productive capacities—at just these times of high demand, our Federal, State and local governments instituted their own public-works programs. They were optimistic when the public was optimistic, and pessimistic when business was at a standstill. In the long run, by influencing the volume of savings of individuals and of businesses, by providing conditions which will stimulate business expansion, by furnishing public outlets for idle private funds, government may help to be a stabilizer. Business, even though it performs efficiently its own productive function, must cooperate with government to preserve the balance which assures business prosperity.

TECHNOLOGY NOT ENOUGH

Technological progress alone will not guarantee prosperity. Inventions have made possible the ever-increasing potential of our national output, but neither in the short run nor in the long run do they guarantee that this potential will be realized. A new invention may make whole industries obsolete and render useless the skills of one hundred thousand laborers, while the new method itself may employ only a fraction of this number. Or—like the automobile industry, which displaced the carriage and harness industries—it may give rise both directly and indirectly to employment many times these previous levels.

Theorists of an older generation believed that purchasing power destroyed in one sector by technological change sprang up inevitably in another and thus preserved the level of employment. We know now that new processes may have the net effect of increasing or of decreasing employment. There is no single force guaranteeing that an invention will create a demand for labor equal to that which it destroys. The government must assume the responsibility of seeing to it that productive employment is made available to all displaced workers. Only then will the technological advance have its fruition in an increased output of goods and services, matched by increased purchasing power.

But it cannot be assumed that higher public expenditures alone will eliminate unemployment. Those expenditures must, for example, be applied so as to complement and not curtail private investment; and public policy must ensure that added demand, as it is created, will swell employment. Unless an effective anti-monopoly policy is pursued, added demand may be absorbed by higher prices and by higher income for small groups in especially advantageous positions, and unemployment may continue.

Even the maintenance of full employment does not assure attainment of the level of living which we might achieve. For *full employment* is not identical with *fullest use* of our productive energies. Even though we maintain what we call full employment, real national income in 1950 will be the

smaller by some \$4 billion because of time lost through accidents, illness, strikes, transitional unemployment, and the like. Much of this loss could be prevented by wise social policy. Every year we waste productive ability through "under-employment"—the use of only part of a man's abilities, because he cannot find the more productive job for which he is trained. Perhaps he cannot risk moving to search for it, or is kept from it by discriminatory hiring practices which have nothing to do with ability.

An even more important source of loss is our failure to develop the potential abilities of some of the nation's present and future workers. On our small farms live perhaps two million persons, working with inadequate information and equipment, who could produce more effectively if the excellent work of the Farm Security Administration could be expanded so as to give these underprivileged farmers the same chance to rise from poverty by production as it has to others. Negroes suffer from under-employment and lack of opportunity for training. When a person who might be a salesman works as a messenger, or when a man whose capacities would fit him to be an accountant or a lawyer works as a clerk, not only is his income held down, but society at large suffers the loss of a valuable human resource.

In other ways, too, we bar ourselves from higher levels of living. By restricting our imports, we prevent other countries from buying the products of our special industrial talents and thereby lessen the output of our most efficient industries, which pay the highest incomes.

SOCIAL-WELFARE FACTORS

Maintaining full and efficient employment solves many problems, but by itself it does not solve all social problems. It does not, for example, lead automatically to conservation of our natural resources, and to their development for the benefit of future generations. It will not in itself chasten monopoly. It will not bring education or medical care within the grasp of all people, or provide security for the aged or the unfortunate. Because the training and development which make for economic success are not equally available to all, it will not result in the most desirable distribution among the population of the material comforts of life.

We are often reminded: "Ye have the poor always with you." Perhaps we must always have the poor in the sense that some of the population—cripples, orphans, the blind—will have to be supported; but this does not mean we must always have poverty, want and destitution. Poor health, low productive ability and poverty are all part of the same vicious circle. A glance at the history of the last three centuries tells us that this circle can be broken.

In a full-employment postwar economy, the national income will be great enough so that without unduly burdening anyone a share may be diverted to enlarged social-welfare services—including public expenditures for needed medical services, improved housing and extended education. The cost to society of any program attacking the problem of poverty at its roots will be more than offset by the eventual increase in productivity on the part of those aided, not to mention the savings in dollars and tears which will accrue to society from a reduction in the evils created by poverty.

Promoting a more equal distribution of welfare does not mean destroying a system which encourages initiative and enterprise by a system of rewards. Quite the opposite. The provision of health and education does not check initiative, nor induce satisfaction with minimum levels. Nor need the provision of a system of social security for all dull incentive, if properly administered. It is not the person with

health and education who lacks ambition. Rather it is the man without training and physical well-being who lives without hope and ambition.

Measures of social welfare would serve the dual purpose of increasing our future productivity and bolstering employment when private investment is inadequate.

CONCLUSIONS

Attaining the high income for which we have the manpower, the resources, and the skills will not solve these social problems, but it will facilitate their solution. Prosperity in itself lessens the problems of poverty and of social insecurity. It provides a high national income out of which a share may be devoted to caring for the unfortunate, and to conserving and developing our natural resources, reconstructing our transportation system and rebuilding our cities. High demand for labor draws individuals from unproductive occupations to others which use their capacities to a fuller extent. When income is high and employment is secure, there is less temptation for one State to erect barriers against the trade of another, for labor organizations to adopt restrictive practices. There is less pressure for the nation to adopt trade barriers which, by reducing our imports, curtail our exports and lower our level of living. Moreover, a prosperous America buys from the rest of the world large quantities of goods supplementary to those she produces. Prosperity in the United States, therefore, will stimulate prosperity elsewhere and make easier the task of world reconstruction. We need not choose between our responsibilities to the world and to ourselves. International and domestic reconstruction go hand in hand, each bolstering the other.

Achieving and maintaining full employment and high production is not merely an economic problem. It has become largely a political one of altering our institutional machinery in such a way as not to hinder, but to facilitate, high production and consumption without sacrificing our freedoms in the process. Ability to establish full employment may well be the final test for democracy.

EDUCATION FOR EX-GI'S

WILLIAM T. MILLER

[Like all grants from public funds, the educational provisions of the "G.I. Bill of Rights" will be subject to legitimate scrutiny on matters of policy, particularly on those which may seem to extend Government control of education. Any such examination, however, will presuppose an acquaintance with the provisions of the bill itself. The following paper aims to provide just that information. Editor.]

EMBODIED in Public Law 346 (78th Congress), the so-called G.I. Bill of Rights, better known as "Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944," is a systematic effort to provide certain privileges for returned veterans of this war, without further obligation on their part than the actual fact of their service. There are no strings of legal or technical complications to make the rewards offered seem less than kind.

The various features of this legislation have been so widely publicized that there is no point in any detailed description now. Medical care, hospitalization, prosthetic (dental) appliances, re-employment adjustment, unemployment compensation and guaranteed loans are all provided without restriction except genuine service and legitimate claims.

But one part of the Act interests us especially: that is the offer of free academic and vocational education to veterans. Briefly stated, the Act guarantees from one to four years tuition, with necessary books and supplies, at a cost not to exceed \$500 per year, for all veterans who have served at least ninety days on or after September 16, 1940. The veteran may elect any course he wishes, in any school or college approved by the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, who is in charge of the entire program. The veteran must, of course, be accepted by the college he chooses for the course he elects; he must also behave himself and do satisfactory work. His eligibility, conduct and scholarship are to be judged solely by the college concerned, with no interference from outside authority of any kind.

Veterans will even be paid \$50 per month for subsistence, if without dependents, or \$75 per month if they have dependents. When they get through with their work, they can have the books which have been given to them for study. Contrary to general opinion, the veteran does not have to be under twenty-five at the time of entering the service in order to benefit by this Act. Technically, the free tuition is for veterans whose education was "impeded, delayed, interrupted, or interfered with by entrance into the service." Any veteran who was under twenty-five when he entered the service is assumed to be in the class of educationally delayed persons, and is *ipso facto* entitled to the free tuition. But all veterans with the necessary service are equally eligible. The only difference is that older men will have to prove their need for further education. That should not be too hard for those who are interested.

The length of time for which veterans are entitled to this free tuition depends upon the length of their service. For a minimum of ninety days (or less if discharged for service-incurred disability) one year of education is guaranteed. Following that year a further period is provided, equal to the total time of the veteran's service. Thus, for ninety days he will get a grant of one year and ninety days of tuition; for one full year he will get two years of schooling, etc., up to a maximum of four years. If this provision should cut a man off in the middle of a semester, he may finish that semester. This limitation may work a hardship on some veterans unable to finish degree-work within the time allotted to them; but some such *pro rata* limits had to be set in order to make the program fair to all. Ambitious students will find a way to finish courses which they begin under the program.

The veteran is not compelled to start his free course as soon as he is discharged. The Act gives him two years to make up his mind after his discharge, or after the end of the war, whichever date is the later. For instance, if a man is discharged in 1944, and the war ends in 1945, he has until 1947 to begin his course. The only requirement is that all Government aid under the Act shall cease seven years after the close of the war.

The Act provides for expert vocational and educational guidance to assist and encourage veterans to take advantage of the plan. This is important, since even young men coming out of a war find it hard to readjust themselves to an educational career. The possibilities in this program are very great indeed. Vast numbers of boys who entered the services direct from high school or from an undergraduate college class will be able to enter or continue college and, in most cases, to secure a degree. Even college graduates in the services can go on to earn a Master's or even a Doctor's degree. Innumerable others of all ages may get all kinds of new or refresher courses, all adding to their general postwar efficiency in civilian life.

There are also the schools and colleges to consider. The influx of large numbers of veteran students, with full tuition paid, will be a blessing to those institutions which have lost nearly all of their regular student bodies to the services. All schools will have equal opportunity to benefit by the program. The Administrator is to

... secure from the appropriate agency of each State a list of educational . . . institutions . . . qualified and equipped to furnish education or training . . . which institutions, together with such additional ones as may be recognized and approved by the Administrator, shall be deemed to be qualified and approved to furnish education or training . . . to such persons as shall enroll under this part.

This does place the power of approval solely in the hands of the Administrator; and it is conceivable that such control might ignore some otherwise capable institutions. But the clause giving the Administrator discretionary authority to approve "additional" educational facilities makes it evident that no worthy school will be excluded from participation.

The Act contains an interesting proviso concerning the \$500 figure for total yearly tuition. It states that institutions are to be paid the "customary cost of tuition . . . laboratory . . . and other fees," not exceeding \$500 per year. But, and note this: "... if any institution has no established fee, or if its established fee shall be found . . . inadequate compensation . . . he [the Administrator] is authorized to provide for the payment . . . of such fair and reasonable compensation as will not exceed \$500 for an ordinary school year." This should be of great assistance to small schools with low tuition fees, including many Catholic institutions.

The Act provides that "No department, agency, or officer of the United States . . . shall exercise any supervision or control whatsoever, over any . . . educational or training institution," in carrying out the program established by the Act. It is provided, of course, that government supervision may continue over institutions already so supervised under previously enacted Federal legislation, and training or education under the Act may, of course, be given in such schools and under such controls. But aside from that proviso, schools and colleges are left absolutely free from any outside domination. They are to continue to fix their own standards of admission and progress, to maintain their own disciplinary policies, to employ their own personnel, to establish their own fees and generally to run their own business.

WHO'S WHO

REV. JOHN H. KELLY, S.J., who made his theological and philosophical studies at Weston College, and taught Greek at Holy Cross from 1934 to 1936, has been Dean of Men at Fairfield Preparatory School since January, 1943. . . . RICHARD PATTEE is on the last lap of a book on the topic of the Church in the States—written in Spanish—and is also a writer and observer for the NCWC in Latin America. . . . JOSEPH P. McMURRAY's forecast of the postwar possibilities of our economy was conceived and developed while he was connected with the National Resources Planning Board. He is with the Bureau of Labor Statistics, U. S. Department of Labor. . . . WILLIAM T. MILLER lives in Jamaica Plain, Mass. He has had 38 years of teaching and administration. . . . KATHERINE BREY, essayist, poet, lecturer and former president of the Catholic Poetry Society, is a resident of Philadelphia.

RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA

RECENTLY Eric Johnston, President of the United States Chamber of Commerce, professed himself tremendously impressed by everything he saw on a visit to Russia, and thoroughly optimistic as to the future of trade relations between this country and the Soviet Union. Mr. Johnston had conversed with Messrs. Stalin and Molotov. The latter professed complete disdain for American Communists, whom he compared to fleas on a dog. Mr. Johnston was convinced that economic interchange between this country and the U.S.S.R. implied no approval in any way of their peculiar ideologies—we hold our views and they hold theirs. Furthermore, observed Mr. Johnston, the Soviet Government has never been known to violate any sort of economic agreement. When they promise to pay, they pay without fail, and, from a business standpoint, there is no higher praise.

Should we, or should we not, be surprised at these utterances and conclusions on Mr. Johnston's part? AMERICA's answer is a very simple one, and we are rather anxious that it should go on record, since we think the public mind is still considerably sleepy on this point.

We were not at all surprised when Mr. Johnston spoke the way he did. What does really surprise us is that there appears to be a considerable number of our supposedly conservative citizens, business men and others, who find this sort of thing somewhat startling. Yet in actual fact Mr. Johnston is simply one of a long line of American business men or executives who have pilgrimaged to Russia and come away with practically the same impressions and the same assurances.

But it is more than a surprise, it is a real concern, to remark that so large a proportion of the public in the democratic nations seems to entertain at one and the same time two contradictory views of the Soviet Union. The Soviet totalitarian system is viewed as the gravest possible danger and menace when it is interpreted by certain leftist and proletarian-boosting elements in this country. The glorification of Russian achievements these pathological periodicals and organizations hand out is seen as a cause of very urgent alarm. But when supposedly conservative elements give their blessing to the same identical regime and directing personalities, or when the Hearst papers publish enthusiastic commendations of Soviet *mores* and Soviet power, we can accept such propaganda without question. Brutally cynical demands that Russia must be honored for her might and might alone, pass unnoticed.

If the regime of the U.S.S.R. has broken with the expectation of future revolution, if Molotov's remarks about fleas and lice are not just a brush-off to inquirers, then we still have plenty of reason to watch our step, but, on the other hand, there is not the same reason for taking seriously what the radical and pro-Russian elements are up to in the United States. If the Party line as exemplified by the *Daily Worker* or kindred organs of publicity is in reality not supplied by Moscow, it loses a certain amount of its significance.

But if the same regime is still the head and fount of a long-term world revolution, then we can see just as much danger, to say the least, in the practical support given to its plans by any form of large capitalistic enterprise or by the reactionary branch of the American press as we do in anything that comes from what is traditionally called the "left." Indeed, this is a type of support which is much more apt to inspire enthusiasm in the mass of the American public, precisely because its origin is supposedly less suspect, and it speaks a language more appealing to strong national senti-

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ment. Soviet propaganda can be attired in a neat business suit.

Either Russian propaganda is a serious danger from any source, be it right, left or middle, or it is no particular concern from wherever it chooses to come. Consistency on this point would seem to be a necessary start for any approach to the Russian question.

NO PEA-SHOOTER WANTED

WHAT kind of reconversion bill will eventually come from the Senate, we do not venture to predict. As we go to press, the parliamentary position of the original George and Kilgore-Truman-Murray bills has become so tangled that many of the Senators are probably as confused as the newspaper-reading public and the reporters covering the debate. As AMERICA's Washington correspondent, Charles Lucey, reports elsewhere in this issue, the "Liberal" approach sponsored by Senators Murray and Kilgore seems to be losing ground to the "Conservative" approach advanced by Senator George and favored by a Republican-Southern Democrat coalition. Probably a compromise will be effected.

On the surface, the issue seems very simple: it boils down to a fundamental difference of opinion over the merits of a State unemployment-insurance system to handle industrial demobilization following the war as opposed to a combined Federal-State set-up. Senator George proposes to deal with the situation by adding two amendments to the Social Security Act. The first would provide for dismissed Federal civilian workers by granting them coverage under the present State unemployment systems, the cost to be borne by the Federal Government. The second would establish a Federal fund from which the States might borrow when their unemployment reserves prove inadequate for the post-war job.

The Kilgore-Truman-Murray bill advocates an entirely new program which establishes uniform standards of unemployment-insurance benefits for the whole country and a special retraining program for demobilized workers and soldiers. Under the provisions of the bill, unemployment benefits would range from \$20 a week to a maximum of \$35, depending on the worker's pay in a base year and the number of his dependents. The difference between the State rates and the uniform Federal rates would come from the Federal Treasury. The States, however, would administer the program with their existing machinery.

While some of the Senators opposing this plan in the name of States Rights are undoubtedly sincere, the suspicion exists, and is well founded, that the States Rights issue has been raised to cloak political and economic objections to the Murray-Kilgore approach to the postwar problem. On the political side, uniform unemployment benefits might seriously disturb a social order which most Southern Senators are sworn to uphold. As for the Republicans, they now control twenty-six States and stand to gain politically if recipients of unemployment insurance are beholden solely to them and not to the Federal Government as well.

The economic issue is also uppermost in their minds. The Southern Democrat-Republican coalition works under the assumption that the best way to solve the postwar employment problem is to give private enterprise a free hand. Senators Kilgore and Murray, on the other hand, accept the

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thesis that the crisis will be of such magnitude that it cannot be handled without special emergency assistance from the Government. This difference in approach is evident from the language of the bills themselves. The announced purpose of the George bill is simply "to amend the Social Security Act." The objective of the Kilgore-Truman-Murray bill is, among other things, "to ensure the fullest possible employment in private industry during the period of transition to civilian production after the cessation of hostilities and thereafter." Hence the relatively high unemployment benefits, which are designed not merely to provide something more than bare subsistence to the industrially demobilized and their families, but to sustain purchasing power and provide a market which will be an incentive to private industry to produce at capacity and as soon as possible.

No doubt some of the provisions of the Kilgore-Truman-Murray bill need to be carefully scrutinized and perhaps rewritten. In the main, however, the bill is sound and realistic. In comparison, the George bill is an attempt to stop a panzer attack with a pea-shooter.

WELLES ON ARGENTINA

OUR policy towards Argentina, says Mr. Welles in his New York *Herald Tribune* column for August 9, has been defended upon three major suppositions: 1) that "enemy activities in Argentina had become an increasingly serious threat to our war effort"; 2) that "certain totalitarian aspects of the present Argentine dictatorship clearly implied that it was acting as a front for Hitlerism"; 3) "that the course followed by the Department of State was undertaken only after real, rather than nominal, consultation with all of the other American governments." These assumptions "demand a serious analysis."

Mr. Welles finds that the Argentine Government, "however reluctantly such action may have been taken," has, in fact, broken relations with the Axis and has reduced Axis activity to the point where, in the opinion of our highest military and naval authorities, the Axis threat in Argentina "is potential and no longer actual." He concedes that the Argentine Government is aping some of the more despicable features of Fascism; but asserts that

. . . only those who are wholly unfamiliar with Spanish-American history and psychology will believe that the Farrell government is either a front for Hitlerism or anything more than a crude variety of Spanish-American military dictatorship impelled by and responsive to a violent recrudescence of Argentine nationalism.

Existing agreements call for consultations at meetings of American Foreign Ministers in moments of grave danger. No such meeting, says Mr. Welles, has been held for two and a half years. He feels that the present crisis in inter-American relations cannot be solved simply by the United States' informing the other republics of its opinions and proposed actions. A meeting of the American Republics—including Argentina—would do much to clear the air.

Mr. Welles' long experience in inter-American affairs must lend weight to his opinions. The conference he suggests would certainly be more helpful toward clearing up difficult questions than many of the current hysterical editorial denunciations.

PROBABLY nothing so paralyzes the American academic mind as the fear of "Indoctrination." It is the big, bad wolf that scares off calm discussion of any number of important issues in education. Originally innocent of evil intent, it simply meant "the teaching of ideas"—a synonym for instructing or teaching youth. The Oxford English Dictionary recognizes no other meaning. Not long after World War I, however, the prophets of the philosophy of change and of the child-centered school gave the word a sinister mien and sinister meaning. It now was defined as "the inducing of uncritical beliefs in youth." The gentle lamb had become a big, bad wolf whose role in the new order was to put terror into the hearts of the "traditionalists." For, alas! the misguided "traditionalists" still believed in the permanence, amid change, of such things as truth, values, ideals, and still looked upon the teacher as something more than a tractable and useless attendant in the classroom.

The key word in the new definition was "uncritical." You were no indoctrinator if you induced youth to be *critical* of their own and other people's beliefs. Indeed, no one could really be educated who had not gone through the process of being skeptical of many, if not all, accepted ideas and beliefs. Therefore the critical attitude—the philosophy of change—must somehow be induced in youth. The teacher was disqualified from doing it. In the child-centered dispensation, she was supposed to sit, as it were, on the sidelines, merely encouraging the children's initiative and preparing materials for their "spontaneous interests and intentions." So Mr. Rugg and Co. produced a series of fourteen social-science texts, *Man And His Changing Society*. The need was fulfilled. Put these books into the hands of youth and they will spontaneously respond to the stimulus of critical ideas. The new order of social change is assured. What the Rugg texts would do on the lower educational levels, the professors could do, in the name of academic freedom, on the college and university levels.

That this sort of thing is so much hocus-pocus and humbug should be clear to almost everyone. The distinction between indoctrination and education on the one hand, and between indoctrination and academic freedom on the other, is not at all subtle. The prophets of the philosophy of change—who are also zealous advocates of absolute secularism—regard all aspects of belief in God, spirit, soul, immortality, ultimate truths, as vicious indoctrination or authoritarianism or dogmatism. Their own critical attitude toward these beliefs or their denial of them is called academic freedom.

The moral is easy to read. Banish or slay the big, bad wolf. Acknowledge that the teacher is "a real cause and agent—though only cooperating with nature—a real giver whose own dynamism, moral authority, and positive guidance are indispensable." Recognize that education, in so far as it is a science, is *normative*; and that thus it is the teacher's function to point to high ways of thinking, to profound reflections only half-concealed beneath a scientific fact or mathematical formula, a poetic creation or philosophical maxim. Hope may then be held out that the academic mind by gradual stages will face the really important issues of education, even the issue of religion in education, without the paralyzing but silly fear of "Indoctrination." The religion-in-education issue itself will demand a further education of the academic mind, to bring it to understand that the goal of all genuine teaching of religion is not to impose blind beliefs but to provide a rational basis of belief. To confound this with "indoctrination" is to confound sense with nonsense.

LITERATURE AND ART

OF JOHN STEINBECK

KATHERINE BRÉGY

ANTHOLOGIES are unsatisfactory and ungrateful things to make. For however painstaking the choice, somebody always objects to what has been put in or what has been left out, and usually that somebody is right. But a single-author anthology—or one-man show, as the painters put it—is something more than a convenience for these restricted days: it is also a kind of general confession. Things may be a little out of focus—probably they are in most general confessions—but the personality and its line of development, which is never a perfectly straight or even line, stand revealed.

What set these thoughts buzzing like a flock of bees is a little anthology of John Steinbeck recently issued in the Viking Portable Library. For it could happen that Steinbeck, read in one work or in two or three random fragments, might seem just one more of those popular photographic realists who apparently believe that realism resides chiefly in the seamier and smuttier sides of life and who count upon "getting a rise" from their readers by some particularly striking and generally quite superfluous obscenity—much as a certain school of dramatists count upon getting a laugh from their audience by some particularly striking and superfluous oath. Or the multiplicity of painful and bloody episodes, especially in his earlier work, might imply a strain of sadism. Sometimes his arraignment of society suggests the fiery-eyed and fanatical young Left-Winger, while the scientific details of another story are reminiscent of the research laboratory. Often the tenderly quiet vigilance of his Nature descriptions betray the poet in Steinbeck, and the tense compression of his most recent writings might belong either to the dramatist or the expert reporter.

The truth is that he has been all of these things at various stages of his career, and the final fusing is probably not yet complete. But the larger truth is that he has never been solely or entirely any of these things, because his work has always been motivated and magnified by an extraordinary and—whether he knows it or not—eminently Christian compassion for human nature. Spontaneously he rejoices with those who rejoice and weeps with those who weep.

John Steinbeck's preparation for a literary career was not impressive. Born in Salinas, California, in 1902, he was graduated from the local high school and spent several years studying marine biology at Stanford University. His early stories did not meet much success, so he tried his hand and head at a number of odd jobs, including the "stock-company experience" of newspaper reporting in New York. After his thirty-fifth year had produced *The Red Pony* and *Of Mice and Men*, he rather suddenly became so famous that he could write whatever he liked.

Glancing back through the body of his work, even as brought together in the single anthology already mentioned, it is clear that while he began as a short-story teller and grew into a novelist, his method has always been close to that of the dramatist. Not only is his interest in each human being passionately personal and his sensing of the inner, often hidden conflict infallible; his narrations are themselves meticulous descriptions of action and his dialogue is as convincing and sometimes as shocking as truth itself. That is why *Of Mice and Men* and *The Moon Is Down*

could be transferred almost literally to the stage, and it is also the reason why many scenes from his recent overseas reporting jump immediately into the rank of literature. He writes like one who has never hurried, who has always taken time to visualize and even to know the people and the places he describes—the young scientist confronted by the dark implications of the woman snake-lover, the strange wanton wildness harnessed a little too tight in farmer and farmer's wife, the daughter who cannot give up her dream of a hero father, the man born lonely reaching out blindly after beauty in woman and home. Scarcely anything he has since written surpasses in pure pathos his early *Flight*, the tale of the innocent young Mexican, Pepé, hurried into unmeant crime and driven to death like a hunted beast.

In the various episodes of *The Pastures of Heaven* (1932) we find the germ of nearly all of Steinbeck's later work—the pathetic wastrels, the groping men and women; and Tularacito, the gnome-like creature who cannot compete with normal human beings and ends in an asylum for the criminal insane, is blood-brother to the pitiful hulking half-wit Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*. It is worth noting that neither in early or recent work has he ever given us a thoroughgoing romance or love story—and one wonders why.

Like most artists, Steinbeck is far more interested in failures than in any hero of the success story. Sometimes they are the amiable and amoral *paisanos* of *Tortilla Flat*—including the dog-loving old Pirate destined, somewhat ironically, to become the hero of a very Catholic and Franciscan motion picture. Again they are the puzzled workmen and labor leaders of *In Dubious Battle*, such as the young Communist who believes invested capital the root of all evil, and the patient doctor who insists that only violent things can be built by violence and dies a martyr to the hate men bear toward one another—often in the name of love.

Such were the themes which developed into those epics of the migrant, the dispossessed, *Of Mice and Men* and *Grapes of Wrath*. Here is stark tragedy: Steinbeck seems overwhelmed by the sorrows of life—man "trying wrongly to do right," as Stevenson once put it—fighting blindly a losing battle against too great odds—the old odds of passing time and space, and the new odds of mechanization. Here, in the heart-breaking story of the "Okies" whom nobody wants, we have a pageant of groping life and love and death, of hope growing into fear and then into hate, a reaching out toward the God known only through soul hunger and the crude workings of some superstitious sect. The men drop away or fester into Communism, the young lovers drift apart, the children wander and grow bitter. Only the mother, the humble matriarch, remains firm as a star—Ma Joad, "a woman so great with love she scares me," cries the puzzled, fallen preacher of the strange cavalcade.

To me, in spite of some not too decent passages, *Grapes of Wrath* seems still one of the great American novels: great as was Hugo's tragic *Les Misérables*, not with vision but with gripping realism and the unfailing gift of compassion. But the cumulative pain and ugliness of its details are almost unbearable, as they had been in *The Red Pony*, written two years before. Here was the story of a boy and his horse—a story which might have been the prototype of *Flicka*, and might have anticipated Flicka's beloved popularity, had

it not been for that merciless piling up of woe, that stain of tears and blood which almost blinds the eyes. I fear the Steinbeck of those years, 1937 to 1939, cannot be entirely acquitted of the charge of sadism. Only sadism is not the right word, for although the author seems morbidly obsessed by pain nobody could imagine that he ever took pleasure in it.

Steinbeck's love for the whole animal world, for instance, shines from innumerable pages—in the long passage about the turtle with its "humorous, frowning eyes" in *Grapes of Wrath*, or the little horse, "haunted by social inadequacy," herded among mules in the *Sea of Cortez*, or that idyllic description of the riverbank where "rabbits come out of the brush to sit on the sand in the evening, and the damp flats are covered with the night tracks of 'coons, and with the spread pads of dogs from the ranches, and with the split-wedge tracks of deer that come to drink in the dark," which opens *Of Mice and Men*.

Curiously enough, Steinbeck outgrew this obsession of pain, of horror, just as the terrific reality of global war spread across the earth. In 1941 he was writing the text of the Mexican sanitation film, *The Forgotten Village*, and collaborating with Edmund F. Ricketts on the scientific-ironic-erotic description of a voyage through the Gulf of California undertaken in the interest of a study of marine biology.

The next year he gave us *The Moon Is Down*—a masterpiece not only of drama but also of condensation and restraint. It happens to be one of the few works in which he is concerned with a group of rather highly civilized and sophisticated people but, as usual, he pierces straight to the elemental. As nearly everybody remembers from reading the book or seeing the play, it is the study of a small, brave nation invaded by the Nazis; and it dared to command sympathy not only for the heroism of the conquered who could not be broken by force but also for the lonely conquerors, slowly breaking themselves under the strain of inhuman orders and the burden of hate surrounding them. There seems to me little doubt that this play and Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night* remain the best written in English about the present war. Yet so great is the force of wartime hysteria that Steinbeck's work fell under suspicion because it dared to imply that even the Germans are human beings. I myself heard one of our leading women dramatists declare the story dangerous because she thought it "too comforting"!

John Steinbeck has been at no particular pains to make clear his philosophy of life. Perhaps he is not yet quite clear about it himself. There is an enormous preoccupation with what we call social conscience in his work and some hints of pantheism. The Catholic background of his California *paisanos* is usually sketched quite superficially, and *The Moon Is Down* closes upon a note of noble paganism rather than noble Christianity.

Mr. Pascal Covici, who prepared the anthology around which this paper grew, declares that its selections were chosen because of the "joy" they gave him. To most of us, joy would seem about the last word to associate with Steinbeck, in spite of his ironic humor and occasional gaiety. His pictures of life are frightfully shaken with pain and weighted with sin. The soiled and sordid details are not spared, although no one could say they are made attractive. It is not reading for the immature, and it will wound the oversensitive. But I do not know any other contemporary whose work more nearly fulfills the old tragic ideal of cleansing by terror and pity—the terror and pity of everyday life.

POETRY

THE SOURCE

This wildflower Love, all dew and scent,
Half earth, half fallen firmament,
This bloom of wonder and desire—
What if it wilts as we acquire?
We have turned aside, as mortals must,
To get the needful golden dust
To feed its human root; to find
A house and garden worthy of
This brave and other-worldly Love.
As poet and musician do,
We have rightly turned aside to woo
The fairest form, the worthiest mold,
To keep miraculous joy in hold;

But what if we, like them engrossed
In details which arise to blind,
Discover with returning mind
The house perfected, the spirit lost,
Gone like a scent, a sound, a dream,
The wild swan and the wild-swan cloud
From the nicely calculated stream?

If this be so, if this be so,
Be love unloved and vows unwoved,
Abandon all, at once return
To the wet heath, the sparkling fern,
The boundless and unbodied glow
Where Love was born; and now, as then
Scorning all pain, all comments hurled
By puzzled kinsfolk and the world,
Begin beginnings all again.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

THOMAS MORE BEFORE THE KING'S COMMISSION

Slowly, my lords, go slowly. In this man
Still stand your sires, stubborn, at Runnymede;
Blood speaks at Canterbury; across a span
Of a thousand years brothers of Alcuin and Bede
Wield wisdom's words; and England signs the sky
At Salisbury in a Norman syllable meant—
With Saxon simplicity—to ratify
The contract Saint Augustine quoted in Kent.
Consider not that this man is good, a friend to the poor,
Defender of the freedoms of the City;
Think not of this man. But do not lightly abjure
England. Do not swiftly silence the witty
And noble word England would speak. You are sure
This will profit you? Use prudence, my lords; not pity.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA

IN MEMORY OF WILFRED YOUNG

It is not difficult to say,
This: you are dead. At first it brought
No meaning, no change; the August day
Was golden still, the birds still sought
Their God in song and taller sky,
The ridge, unshelled, was quiet for the dead.
"He seemed to know that he would die,"
A soldier, speaking of you, said.
It was not difficult to say it then;
But when Sicilian darkness came
And warfare's utter silence, when
Some part, at least, of battle smoke and flame
Had left the fragments of my mind,
In foxhole solitude I knew:
No more your humor, your heart, your kind
Good eyes. No more the way with you.

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BOOKS

DEATH OF A COMRADE

DARKNESS AT NOON. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

AMID all the wonderings and hopings these days whether Communism has just about ceased to be Communism, whether the dissolution of the Comintern, of the American Communist Party, all may perhaps herald the fact that the Red revolution has spent its force and is no longer a danger, this book comes as a sober and authentic-toned reminder that Communism, whether or not it still exists in Russia, is still the inhuman, cold and brutal thing it always was.

Purporting to be a composite picture of several erstwhile Communists who were liquidated in the famous Moscow trials, the book is simply the record of three hearings of the ex-Party leader, Rubashov, by the reigning breed of Communists, with an epilog that describes his condemnation and ultimate fate.

The whole scene of the book is laid in the prison, in Rubashov's cell and the room where he is led for questioning. But though that is the physical locale, the whole world of the vast prison comes into the picture through the tapped code with which the prisoners communicate with one another, and though there are no actual descriptions of the tortures that are meted out to the men under investigation, the brutality and soullessness take on added malevolent force through the impassioned reporting of experiences that goes on from cell to cell.

Rubashov's crime, apparently, had simply been that he was not able to keep up with the strange and unpredictable convolutions of the Party's strategy. At a time when "No. 1" (undoubtedly Stalin) had determined that Communism would go underground and incite to no international revolutions, but simply hold its gains at home as a bastion for assaults in the rather remote future, the ex-leader was still pursuing what to him had always been the simple and necessary Party objectives. Hence he had become an anachronism, and not simply that, but a danger, for the Party tactic seems to be that any thought or action that does not parrot No. 1's policies is *ipso facto* treason.

During the long hours in his cell, Rubashov has time to look over his past life and count over all the friends and comrades he has sent to death, including the girl who was his mistress for a time. In all his thinking, there is evident that utterly dispassionate, cool and heartless consideration of human beings as mere cogs in the machine of "historic necessity" which marks Communism, in its philosophy, as the negation of everything that Christianity stands for.

This is a brutal book—but it is the cold brutality of people who have, as the author remarks, no umbilical cord uniting them to the past. For the real Communist, the past is to be sloughed off—the world began for him in the revolution. The past, with its traditions, especially its religious traditions, was sentimental folly. There is no such thing as human worth, as the past might teach. There is no such thing as the "I"; no such thing as conscience—that is all the "grammatical fiction."

Fortunately, as the former leader nears the end which he foresees with certainty, he does get a few inklings that perhaps there is an "I" after all; perhaps the humans in the thousands of cells all around him do matter, not because of their part in the Communistic scheme of things, but simply and solely because they are human beings. Alas, the faint realization comes too late, certainly too late to save him in this world, and it would seem too late to give him much hope for salvation in the next.

All in all, a very somber and sobering book, but definitely one that delves deeper than any contemporary work of fiction I know into the essential inhumanity of the oldest of all the totalitarian doctrines, Communism. It is a book to be thought about, and prayed about, too—that the monster be not simply crouched behind the bastion, waiting for another and more propitious chance to spring out on a world that has become exhausted by war and is too slack and weary to resist.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

EVOLUTION OF A PATRIOT

THE TEMPERING OF RUSSIA. By *Ilya Ehrenburg*. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3

THIS is not so much a book in the strict sense of the word as a journal of the early phase of the Russo-German war written by a keen observer and a great master of the pen. Between the author's entries the reader will find excerpts from letters received by Mr. Ehrenburg or found on dead or captured Germans, as well as reproductions of articles published by him in the leading papers of Moscow—some of them being beautiful essays on the theme of patriotism.

Patriotism, love for Russia, not for the Soviet State or Socialist Fatherland—dominates the book.

It is, however, not an attempt to inculcate patriotism, but an attempt to understand and systematize that overwhelming wave of patriotism which has been the main cause of Russia's success in the greatest ordeal she has suffered since the invasion of the Tartars (thirteenth century). The character of this war as a looting and sadistically destructive expedition on the part of the Germans is impressed on the reader by well chosen evidence and adroit interpretation. The ability of the Russians to "take it" is well explained in terms of the hard way which always was Russia's way. But it is amazing to see how similar has been the reaction of the Russians to that of the English. The particular aspect of the Russian resistance—namely, the indomitable courage of the Partisans—is related to Russia's geographic conditions, which are so different from those of France. These latter Ehrenburg happens to know as well as he knows Russia.

A sinister vision emerges from the book—the vision of the superhuman hatred which the war has engendered in the hearts of the Russians against the invaders. To believe Ehrenburg, for the Russians today only a dead German is a good German. The writer tries to mitigate the hatred by a vague reminiscence of Goethe's Germany; but who knows whether his fellow Russians, now or after the war, will be equally mindful?

The most amazing thing about the book is that it has been written by a man for whom, ten years ago, there was nothing sacred but the Communist Utopia and the World Revolution. Today his patriotic sentences could be easily endorsed by most conservative Americans or Englishmen. His writing in this way appears to be a sign of one of the most important social processes of our day, the decline of what had been the Communist Paradise, and the rebirth of what Ehrenburg calls "immortal Russia."

N. S. TIMASHEFF

BENDING THE TWIG

EDUCATION AT THE CROSSROADS. By *Jacques Maritain*. Yale University Press. \$2

IT WAS to be expected that sooner or later Professor Maritain would combine his two absorbing interests, philosophy and humanism, in a book on education. The opportunity came with the invitation to deliver the 1943 Terry Foundation lectures at Yale. *Education at the Crossroads* is rather an essay than a treatise. It considers only certain aspects of education, but these are of the first importance: ends, teacher-pupil, curriculum, today's problems. Philosophy underlies the first two; humanism is the base of the curriculum and the solvent of the problems confronting the schools today.

Like Hutchins in *Education for Freedom*, the author reviews in the first section what he thinks are the chief misconceptions concerning education: a disregard of ends; false ends, such as pragmatism, sociologism, intellectualism, voluntarism; and the assumption that everything can be learned. Emerging from the discussion of these misconceptions is Maritain's definition of the aim of education.

It is to guide man in the evolving dynamism through which he shapes himself as a human person—armed with knowledge, strength of judgment, and moral virtues—while at the same time conveying to him the spiritual heritage of the nation and the civilization in which he is involved, and preserving in this way the century-old achievements of generations.

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man qualities to be shaped, and the best educational means to be used.

The second section is a modernized version of Saint Thomas' psychology of education from the *De Magistro*, with Maritain's penetrating insight into the factors affecting pupil and teacher in achieving the true goal of education. The importance and delicacy of the teacher's task are made undeniably clear. His art, like that of the physician, is an *ars cooperativa naturae*, that is, an art of ministering, an art subservient to nature. The mind's natural activity in the learner is principal; the intellectual guidance of the teacher is secondary. But both are dynamic agents in freeing the intuitive power of the pupil and in freeing his personality. The teacher will not do his part well by the aid merely of gadgets or tricks of the trade, but by intellectual sympathy and intuition, by concern for the questions and difficulties with which the mind of youth may be entangled without being able to give expression to them, by a readiness to be at hand with the lessons of logic and reasoning that invite to action the unexercised reason of youth.

It is unfortunate that M. Maritain gave no consideration to the supernatural in these lectures. His audience, of course, was mixed and no doubt predominantly non-Catholic. Nevertheless, in stating his position in relation to theology in the curriculum, he had the occasion for indicating that in the Christian dispensation the supernatural is the core of all true education.

However, let us be thankful for the very many valuable things in this little book: much clear analysis and elucidation of modern issues; e.g. that of the "progressives" (pp. 32-33); of old, recurring issues, e.g. that of knowledge vs. training (pp. 51-55), of character-building (pp. 25-28), of "integration" of knowledge (pp. 45-49), of the function of the humanities in liberal education (pp. 61ff); and a wise discussion of the whole process by which a man forms himself as a man. It would be a pity if lack of familiarity or sympathy with even a popularized scholastic viewpoint were to keep educators from reading M. Maritain's essay with that open-mindedness of which they boast and which the book richly deserves.

ALLAN P. FARRELL

GLORY OF THE MOHAWKS: *The Life of the Venerable Catherine Tekakwitha*, by Rev. Edward Lecompte, S.J.
Translated by Florence Ralston Werum, F.R.S.A.
Bruce, \$2

KATERI TEKAKWITHA is rapidly becoming better known among an ever-widening circle of American and Canadian Catholics. To know the facts of her short, simple and unspectacular career of twenty-four years, is at once to love her for her sweetness of personality and her practice of virtue, which has been recognized by the Holy See in the cause for her beatification. Since Kateri is the first native-born American (at Ossernenon, now Auriesville, N. Y.) to be a candidate for sainthood, Father Lecompte's brief biography is most welcome as an instrument for increasing still more the knowledge and love by fellow Americans of their charming little sister of the Mohawks.

Father Lecompte's book (written in French) follows the source materials so abundantly provided in the collection of contemporary documents submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Rites in her cause, and known as *The Positio* (stand, or report) of the *Historical Section*. The author's method is to digest and arrange the several biographies in this great collection into a chronological narrative, interspersed with his own pious and salutary observations.

Florence Ralston Werum, the translator, adds a preface, a prolog and epilog to round out the whole. As a translation, the text is competent, but undistinguished for style. At times, in fact, constructions characteristic of the French appear in the choice and arrangement of the English words.

After due allowance has been made for present-day, "wartime format," the publisher's manufacturing job is neat and well done, at least in the text, but the jacket in colors is unattractive. Copy-editing should have marked consistency in spelling both of persons' names and of Indian places. Such minor defects, however, do not detract from the substantial usefulness of *Glory of the Mohawks*.

ROBERT E. HOLLAND, S.J.

THE NAVY'S WAR. By Fletcher Pratt. Harper and Bros.

\$2.75

IN the enthusiasm and rejoicing over continued Allied successes on all fronts, one may forget the long struggle which made such victories possible. Mr. Fletcher Pratt does not want us to forget; so he has written a neat, brisk, non-technical record of the major engagements of the U. S. Navy during the first year of American participation in the present war.

Though he has had access to official documents and conferred with eye-witnesses of engagements described, the author has not produced a complete record, nor is his story official, as the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, points out in his foreword.

From Pearl Harbor to the complete conquest of Guadalcanal was less than a year, but during that time the U. S. Navy gradually shook off the shock of its worst disaster and turned from desperate defensive action toward the offensive. "Exhaustion point far exceeded" (p. 29) of the Netherlands' Admiral Doorman commanding combined Dutch, British and American ships in the Java Sea became, in that one year, "This is Ching Chong Lee. Get out of the way; I'm coming through" (p. 276), as Admiral Lee swung in two new American battleships to crush the last Japanese counter-attack on Guadalcanal.

The actions from the Java to the Solomons' campaigns are the author's chief interest. His detailed and unemotional descriptions, supported by several maps and charts (including one of the famous "crossing the 'T'") reduce to lay level the complexities of modern naval warfare. The reader will gain from this book a deeper understanding of the related functions of battlewagons and carriers, scout-bombers, torpedo-bombers, dive-bombers, patrol-bombers and fighters, cruisers, destroyers, PC's, SC's and YP's, and he will find a revealing chapter on the "silent service" and numerous instances of American courage and ingenuity. Names of men and ships already familiar appear again in proper setting and sequence.

Two chapters, which are unfortunately somewhat repetitious detract very little from the value of the whole. Mr. Pratt tells a story of which Americans are truly proud.

MAURICE F. REIDY, JR.

DELAY IS THE SONG. By Rosamond Haas. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2

WINNER of the Avery Hopwood poetry award, this little volume comes out with high encomium from William Rose Benét. Its author has, he says, a gift of phrase that is "forcibly modern," and that is true, but as so often happens in the modern poets, that modernity slips frequently into a jargon that seems a blend of technocracy and obscurity. What, for example, are "retractile stars"? And what imaginative impact is carried in the adjective of "the hypermetric heart"? Miss Haas has sensitive gifts, and they shine out best in the last portion of the book, where the poems are on religious themes. Perhaps it is because those themes have been singing down the ages and carry their own deep and dear emotions with them that she seems most the poet when she unites their song to her verse.

The author is worth watching. Her thoughts are strong, her craft lean and terse; what is needed is a burst of song once in a while, and not the mathematical calculation that seems to dictate her words too often. Poetry lovers will find this book worth pondering—for its defects as well as for its virtues.

DONALD G. GWYNN

N. S. TIMASHEFF, professor of sociology at Fordham, is the author of *Religion in Soviet Russia*, published by Sheed and Ward in 1942, and translated into Portuguese in Rio de Janeiro last year.

REV. ALLAN P. FARRELL, S.J., Assistant Executive Director of the Jesuit Education Association for the past two years, is now the Education Editor of AMERICA. REV. ROBERT E. HOLLAND, S.J., is the author of *The Song of Tekakwitha*.

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THEATRE

SCHOOL FOR BRIDES. The prophets who have been promising us an unusually early opening of the '44-'45 theatrical season were right. It opened with an explosion the first week in August, and the fragments of two hopelessly bad plays were scattered around the Royale and Shubert Theatres as a result. Having lumped these together as a dramatic catastrophe, we will pick up for a moment any remnants within reach.

The first offering was *School for Brides*, misguidedly written by Frank Gill, Jr., and George Carleton Brown and produced by Howard Lang in a brief period of optimism he will long regret. Several plays of our previous season, ending in June, left the New York stage after a one-night appearance. *School for Brides* should have left it after the first rehearsal.

It is hard to imagine the workings of producing minds which could have taken the play on after even a casual glance at the script. The purpose of the writer of these lines is benign. No reader of AMERICA will be lured into the unspeakable dirt and boredom of *School for Brides* if a frank warning here can keep him away. A man who wants a seventh wife is drawn into the School for Brides, and what happens there is incredibly stupid, disgusting and silly. I predict a swift and final drop of the curtain on this offering and its unfortunate company.

MAE WEST AGAIN. The second theatrical disaster of the season, arriving the same week, was Mae West's new play, *Catherine Was Great*, written by herself, played by herself, and put on by Michael Todd at the Shubert Theatre. Knowing Miss West's taste, everyone expected that Catherine's goings-on would be highly reprehensible, but few suspected that they would be so devastatingly dull. They are witless, pointless and uninteresting from start to finish. Miss West merely reached out for her pail of dirt and shoveled it all into her play. It wasn't even a new pailful.

Mr. Todd is said to have spent \$150,000 on the production, which includes so many gorgeous gowns for Miss West that the dazed spectators wonder how her numerous lovers left her time to get them all on. But she really had to do that, for the play consists largely of a parade, in a new gown, from one lover to another, with neither lines nor acting to relieve its general inertia. In short, *Catherine Was Great* is so impossibly bad that the audience is sorry for itself first and then for everyone concerned in the production.

Many new plays are announced for the near future. They had better be good, or patrons may pack their trunks and start for the country.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

WILSON. Here is an eye-filling, often exciting experience for cinemagoers old enough to remember the years from 1909 to 1920. News that made headlines then is paraded across the screen for nearly three hours, supplemented by what is supposed to be behind-the-scenes events. Older people can judge the film's accuracy in presenting the sentiments and the character of the first World War President. Young members of the audience may leave the theatre with distorted impressions that identify past history too literally with present-day history. However, judging it as motion-picture entertainment alone, this technicolor chronicle merits praise and consideration. Starting in 1909, Woodrow Wilson's advent into politics is sketched, with his home and family life providing an appealing background. The biography travels on to the White House where his first administration was vibrant, then troubled with attempts to inject us into the European conflict; on to his second term with the Executive efforts to have the peoples of the world subscribe to a lasting peace; down to his retirement in Washington, broken in health and filled with the ideals for which he fought. This historical saga is supplemented with tender and warm personal incidents and backed with Americana of some decades ago. The old-fashioned political convention, one of the most hectic shows on earth, is recreated in a realistic manner. Newsreels from war-bond rallies and songs from World War I are recorded on celluloid to bring back illusion of distant yesterdays. Alexander Knox in his first starring role registers a forceful characterization of the twenty-eighth President. As the first Mrs. Wilson and her successor, Ruth Nelson and Geraldine Fitzgerald have brief but effective themes. A long cast of capable actors add to the realism of the piece, with Cedric Hardwicke standing out in a depiction of Senator Lodge. All the family should see this. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE IMPATIENT YEARS. With both tragic and comic overtones, this film advises that a hasty marriage provides no license for a divorce. Jean Arthur and Lee Bowman are cast as the young couple who marry after a three-day acquaintance, then separate after one day of wedded life when the husband's furlough ends. On his return, about two years later, the man and woman find themselves complete strangers. Embarrassment gives way to anger and the pair separate. Fortunately, an intelligent judge sees a chance to mend these broken lives. Here is a fine piece of anti-divorce propaganda presented in delightful capsule form—something that is worth while for adults. (Columbia) MARY SHERIDAN

PARADE

ACCELERATED circulation of money was noticed in recent days. . . . Tip-offs for burglaries in Chicago cost more now than previously, a report indicated. A Chicagoan testified that he had given two young, active Midwest burglars the tip that led to a \$700 robbery and that they paid him ten per cent of the take for his information. "That is now the standard rate in Chicago," he revealed. The rise in the rate was attributed to manpower shortage. . . . In Indianapolis, a lady left her apartment door open at night because of the heat. In the morning, she found \$100 missing and this note: "Always keep your door locked. I need money. Will pay back. Sorry. Remember, keep your door locked." . . . A Massachusetts lawyer left \$100,000 to his eight-year-old cat, Buster, and cut off seven relatives without a penny "because of their contemptuous attitude and cruelty toward my cat, Buster." . . . Occupational hazards were encountered. . . . In North Carolina, a citizen asked the employment service for permission to change his job because it was "breaking his teeth." He was a tack-spitter in an upholstery plant. . . . A New York truck-driver, arrested for speeding, was exonerated when he explained he was driving a non-refrigerated truck-load of butter in a heat wave.

Candid attitudes appeared. . . . A New Yorker who conducts a store selling candy, stationery, delicatessen, ice-cream

and quick lunch placed a sign in his window reading: "Closed from August 10 to August 20. Reason—Tired." . . . Draft deferments were announced. . . . While German shells burst around him, a Detroit soldier in Normandy read a letter from his home draft board informing him he would not be drafted for a year. . . . Another soldier receiving word he would not be inducted at this time was a Seattle man with the Fifth Army infantry in Italy. . . . State pride erupted in the Far West. . . . A California newspaper printed a photograph of the Oregon coast, placed beneath the photo this description: "A stretch of California shoreline." An Oregon paper retaliated by publishing a front-page picture of the San Francisco gate bridge, with the caption: "A little bridge built by Oregon Boy Scouts on the Oregonian coast." . . . Thoughtfulness for others was shown. . . . In New York, a man jumped from his fifth-floor apartment window. As he plunged, he noticed a neighbor's boy in the yard, and shouted: "Johnnie, get out of the way!" The boy leaped aside just in the nick of time. . . . Charity covers a multitude of sins. . . . Perhaps this man's thought for the boy may count in his favor when his jump is being judged. . . . However, it is better to be on the safe side—to exercise thoughtfulness for others without the jumping.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

KILMER MEMORIAL

EDITOR: Apropos of the Joyce Kilmer article by Joseph Landy, it might interest admirers of this writer as well as visitors to New York to know that a tree was planted some time ago in Kilmer's honor, in Central Park. It is near 70th Street, north of the Christopher Columbus statue, and at its base is identification in the form of a stone, with a bronze plaque bearing the legend:

To the Memory of Joyce Kilmer
Sgt. Joyce Kilmer
"Poet of the Trees"
Killed in Action Bois de Colas
July 30, 1918.

New York City

M. E. McL.

INSURANCE DECISION

EDITOR: I have noted both the statement captioned *Insurance Business Retreats* which appeared in your issue of July 15, and the letter sent you by John M. Harrison of Atlanta, Georgia, commenting on the statement.

In his comments, Mr. Harrison seems to imply that the recent Supreme Court decision relating to insurance will have the effect of invalidating State regulatory statutes. As stated in the majority opinion in the Southeastern Underwriters' case, this fear has been greatly exaggerated. As a matter of fact, every other interstate business in the country is subject to the anti-trust laws, and many of such businesses are subject to State regulation as well. There is no necessary conflict between the anti-trust laws and State regulation. You will find that the policy of most of the State laws regulating insurance is quite in harmony with the policy of the Sherman Act. State regulatory policy generally does not support agreements in restraint of commerce any more than does Federal policy. The trouble is that States are unable to cope effectively with agreements that are made outside the State or which in operation transcend State lines.

Certainly the Department of Justice has no desire or purpose to break down State regulation of the insurance business. At no time has the Department advocated Federal regulation of the insurance business and I am not aware that any other Federal department or agency has done so.

Mr. Harrison also implies that the recent decisions set aside "decisions stretching over a period of seventy-five years"; but as the Supreme Court pointed out, the cases just decided were the first in which the Court had been called upon to deal with the application of Federal enactments to the business of insurance. Earlier decisions of the Supreme Court relating to insurance involved State regulatory laws; none of them involved Federal statutes. It must be noted that a majority of the full Court agreed that the insurance business, as conducted, is interstate commerce, and also that the Court was unanimous in finding that the business of insurance is subject to Federal statutes as it affects interstate commerce.

It is difficult to understand why insurance should be excluded from the anti-trust laws. Surely this great business can be conducted in accordance with effective State regulatory laws without resort to private monopolistic and coercive practices which violate the Federal anti-trust laws. On the other hand, if, as Mr. Harrison states, the insurance business is guilty of no combination in restraint of interstate commerce nor of monopolistic practices, it has nothing to fear from the anti-trust laws, and legislation to exempt it therefrom becomes wholly unnecessary.

WENDELL BERGE

Washington, D. C.

Assistant Attorney General

EDITOR: On page 443 of the July 29 issue of *AMERICA* appears a statement prepared by Mr. John M. Harrison of Atlanta, Georgia, which is critical of the legislation now

pending in the United States Senate relative to fire-insurance underwriters and others, and critical of your comment relative to such legislation appearing in the July 15 issue of *AMERICA*.

The footnote to that statement, by the Editors of *AMERICA*, is a full and ample justification of its news item of July 15, and full and ample legal reason for the legislation now pending in the United States Senate.

The footnote should also be full and ample reason to avoid further comment on Mr. Harrison's statement were it not for the fact that Mr. Harrison says that the statements contained in *AMERICA*'s comment of July 15 are at variance with truth.

Mr. Harrison also states: "My business has no apology to make, nor has it retreated, nor does it feel a sense of guilt or shame."

In respect to the truth regarding the need for Federal regulation, as well as the need for apology in behalf of Fire Insurance Underwriters, Mr. Harrison is respectfully referred to the rather recent sordid Missouri 16% per-cent rate case which put a political boss of Kansas City in the Federal penitentiary and compelled a large number of insurance underwriters to withdraw from the State. The Carriers were also obliged to disgorge some \$9 million.

Mr. Harrison may read, to his best interest and advantage—and he is strongly encouraged to do so, to prevent further error in public statement or private judgment—the following: *Aetna Ins. Co. vs O'Malley*, 118 SW 2nd. 3; *State vs Dinwiddie*, 122 SW 2nd. 912; *State vs Weatherby*, 129 SW 2nd. 887; *State vs American Ins. Co.*, 140 SW 2nd. 36; also the United States Supreme Court decision contained in *Aetna vs Hyde*, 275 US 440, 448.

Former Chief Justice Hughes made an exhaustive examination of insurance underwriting practices in the State of New York prior to his tenure on the United States Supreme Court bench. The findings of Mr. Hughes are contained in four volumes, and may be reviewed by visiting the State Library at Albany, New York. Mr. Harrison is urged to visit Albany and read the volumes prepared by Mr. Hughes.

In suggesting the foregoing there is no intent to disturb the faith Mr. Harrison has acquired in the fire-insurance companies he has represented for over thirty-eight years. Rather the suggestion relative to reading is merely for the purpose of aiding Mr. Harrison in reaching the truth.

Your *Insurance Business Retreats*, in the July 15 issue of *AMERICA*, is an excellent and factual commentary. I clipped it and sent the clipping to Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming.

St. Paul, Minn.

WILLIAM H. O'TOOLE

SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL

EDITOR: Today, in a public library, I picked up the August number of *The Scientific Monthly*. The opening article, by A. J. Carlson, who is now President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has the title, "Science and the Supernatural," and is offensive in many particulars. It was published in *Science* in 1931, and has been reprinted "to remind some and to inform others of the outlook on science and life of a distinguished physiologist."

Since there are many Catholic members of the A. A. A. S., it would be appropriate if they, or some of them, would take account of this article, which caricatures supernatural religion to the extent of decided misrepresentation.

Los Angeles, Calif.

HENRY C. ELLIS

(*The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with the Writer. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.*)

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THE WORD

LOVE of neighbor can become merely a sugary, gushy
phrase. Or it can become a vague expression with no
embarrassing practical applications. Or it can be a hard,
practical thing, with warmth and joy as the fruit of doing
the hard thing.

The Good Samaritan of the Gospel of the Twelfth Sun-
day after Pentecost merited Christ's approval because his
love of neighbor was in the hard, practical class (Luke
10:23-37).

It is very easy to understand why the priest and the
Levite took one look at the man lying half-dead by the
roadside and then passed on. Beaten and bloody and pos-
sibly breathing with the snoring breath of the unconscious,
he probably looked much like a drunken bum. And very
few people will pause long enough to help a drunk to his
feet, even though doctors tell us that the symptoms of a
heart attack may often resemble the outward signs of drunk-
enness. Before condemning the priest and the Levite, we
may ask how often we have deliberately passed by people
lying helplessly or staggering helplessly in the gutter. Prac-
tical love of neighbor may be often a very embarrassing
thing, as more than one modern priest has discovered when
he ventured to guide homeward some victim of drink.

Beyond doubt, the deed of the Good Samaritan was em-
barrassing. More than embarrassing, it called for time and
trouble and personal care. It is easy enough to give a dime
to a hungry man but, after all, what does that bit of gen-
erosity solve? In another few hours, he will need yet an-
other dime, and by nightfall he will need a room, and the
same thing will go on day after day. Well, what am I going
to do about it? Am I expected to take home every bum I
meet on the streets, or even take him to a hotel and pay
his way there? Hardly, though it might not be a bad thing
every once in a while to show some of this personal kind-
ness to the poor, the needy, the afflicted, the unemployed.
In an age of specialization and centralization, the personal
touch of love has almost vanished from charity, and charity
itself has become a bitter, impersonal word. "There are
agencies to take care of such cases."

Well, what can I do about it? At the very least, we can
be aware of such agencies and give them our help, personal
and financial. We can avoid an attitude of indifference or,
worse still, of thinly veiled contempt for all less fortunate
than ourselves. We can strive to avoid the repulsion, the
horror and the fear we too often feel in looking upon the
sick and the insane. In the famous Cottalengo hospital in
Turin, Italy, the insane are always referred to as the *poveri
angeli*, the poor angels. We can become intelligently in-
terested in all programs of social improvement, in things
like the efforts to achieve a living family wage for all work-
ingmen and the preservation of sound, democratic unions
as a means to that end, in things like hospitalization plans
and schemes of all kinds to bring the very best of medical
care within the reach of the poor and the middle-waged, in
plans for fuller employment and slum clearance and social
justice to every race and class in our community.

We can at least begin to realize that, since God has dis-
tributed his gifts and his talents so unequally to men, He
has done so, not that some may live in luxury and some
starve, but that men may know the joy of working with
fellow men for the good of all, and now and then the joy
of being their brother's keeper.

Beyond that, if we have time and money or even person-
ality to spare, we should give in a personal way to the less
fortunate. That poor family down the block might need a
friendly word even more than a friendly dollar. With a
little encouragement, friendly or financial, many a young
boy or young girl might enter religious life, or get off to a
sounder start in marriage. The Little Sisters of the Poor
are delighted to have young girls come in to help them
scrub floors and clean rooms and serve meals for their help-
less aged. The orphan asylums welcome the friendliness of
those who have companionship to offer to their charges.
The Saint Vincent de Paul Society in your own parish could
give you many a lead, or the Sodality or the Rosary So-
ciety, or your Pastor. How many needy have you helped
personally since last you listened to the Gospel of the Good
Samaritan?

J. P. D.

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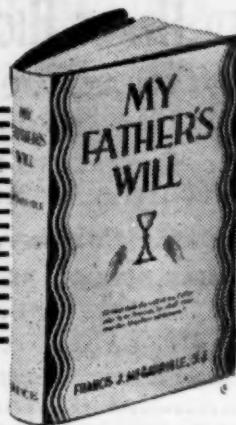
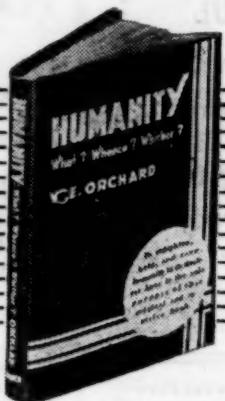
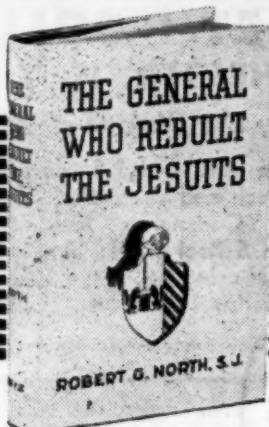
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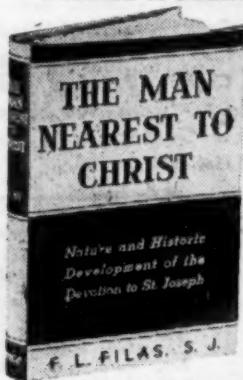
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